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T. B. WARREN.

# CLINCH VALLEY NEWS.

TAZEWELL C. H., VA., FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1887.

**SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR**  
PURELY VEGETABLE.  
It acts with extraordinary efficacy on the  
**LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS.**  
AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR  
Malaria, Bowel Complaints,  
Dyspepsia, Sick Headache,  
Constipation, Biliousness,  
Kidney Affections, Jaundice,  
Mental Depression, Colic,  
**BEST FAMILY MEDICINE**  
No Household Should be Without It,  
and by being kept ready for immediate use,  
will save many an hour of suffering and  
many a dollar in doctor's bills.  
THERE IS BUT ONE  
**SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR**  
See that you get the genuine with red "Z"  
on front of wrapper. Prepared only by  
J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Sole Proprietors,  
Philadelphia, Pa. PRICE, \$1.00.

**FOR MAN AND BEAST!**  
Mexican Mustang Liniment  
CURES  
Stitches, Sprains, Contracted  
Muscles, Bruises, Strains, Eruptions,  
Hoof Ail, Stitches, Hoof Ail, Stitches,  
Backache, Stiff Joints, Sore  
Galls, Swinney, Saddle Galls,  
Spavin, Piles.  
**THIS GOOD OLD STAND-BY**  
Liniment for everybody exactly what is claimed  
it. One of the reasons for the great popularity of  
Mustang Liniment is found in its universal  
applicability. Everybody needs such a medicine.  
The Lumberman needs it in case of accident.  
The Housewife needs it for general family use.  
The Cavalier needs it for his horses and his men.  
The Mechanic needs it always on his work  
bench.  
The Miner needs it in case of emergency.  
The Planter needs it—can't get along without it.  
The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable,  
his stock yard.  
The Steamboat man or the Boatman needs  
it—liberal supply aboard and ashore.  
The Horse-fancier needs it—it is his best  
and safest reliance.  
The Stock-grower needs it—it will save him  
hundreds of dollars and a world of trouble.  
The Railroad man needs it and will need it so  
as his life is a round of accidents and dangers.  
The Black-woman needs it. There is nothing  
like it as an antidote for the dangers to life,  
and comfort which surround the planter.  
The Merchant needs it about his store among  
employees. Accidents will happen, and when  
some of the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once,  
a Bottle in the House. 'Tis the best of  
things.  
Keep a Bottle in the Factory. Its immediate  
use in case of accident saves pain and loss of wages.  
Keep a Bottle Always in the Stable for  
when wanted.

**RETRIBUTION.**  
BY "THE DUCHESS."  
CHAPTER XVIII.  
"Where?" exclaimed Millicent, as much  
taken aback as even Lady Valworth could  
desire.  
"Round Nadine's neck,"  
"How could Nadine have been mistaken!  
How could Nadine have a diamond cross  
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"How, indeed! She said she had been  
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A city clerk! Impossible! Dearest  
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"No! I am not deceived," says Lady  
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He is simply rewarded for his interference  
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"Hardly I think. These matters drift.  
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"This is the very argument of all others  
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"Yes! All should go smoothly for  
Granit," says Granit's mother thought-  
fully. "And Nadine—she—she may not  
be to blame."  
"May not?" Millicent's eyes grow dark  
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by such a speech as that?"  
"Nadine! Do you for an instant believe  
that she has had any part in this strange  
story of which you speak?"  
"My dear child, I would not hurt you  
in any way, as you well know—not even  
through another. And as for Nadine,  
you can see yourself how highly I esteem  
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"Highly indeed, when you can hint at  
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"I have hinted at nothing. I confess  
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"In her distress at having brought down  
the anger of her son's fiancee upon her  
head, and her agitation at seeing again a  
portion of her lost diamonds, poor Lady  
Valworth is reduced to the very verge of  
despair."

"Be reasonable, Millicent. At least,  
grant me justice. I have said nothing to  
Nadine. Why should I, when I deem her  
innocent? Yet the connecting link be-  
tween me and the robber of my diamonds  
lies with her."  
"I will not have her connected with this  
affair in any way," cries Millicent, hotly,  
tears in her eyes. "In seeking for your  
missing link, you will incriminate her,  
and terrify her and make her wretched.  
And she has had nothing to do with it.  
Has she?"

She turns almost defiantly upon Massa-  
rene, who up to this has been silent.  
"Do you think that?"  
"A thousand times no!" declares he  
gently. "Miss Roche and deceit of any  
kind seem to me as far apart as the poles.  
It stands to reason, too, that if she had  
known anything of the lost diamonds, she  
would hardly have worn them here."  
He is so earnest, so eager in his speech,  
that Millicent, with her eyes full of tears,  
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my diamonds—Sir Thomas' diamonds. If  
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debt."

"Gath" and His Gout.

I remember to have read in one of the  
poets that all ages have their toys, and  
that prayer books were the toys of very  
old age, but my feet, as I have been laid  
up in bed with an attack of the gout, and  
a very pretty toy it is. It first struck the  
left foot, and swelled it up to a resem-  
blance to what would be the foot of the  
statue of freedom, had that foot not been  
covered by the artist to keep the gout out  
of it. Having some familiarity with this  
complaint, I judged by the size of  
the foot that it might go down in one  
month and be recognizable to the oldest  
inhabitant. It went down, however, or  
rather lost the disease, in about five days,  
and then the pesky thing crossed right  
over to the other foot. Now, I want to  
know by what means it got over there.  
The disease is not catching or contagious,  
as we know, so it could not have passed  
through the pores of the skin. This little  
conundrum has interested me for hours  
—to see that late, blasted foot on the left  
like a fellow who has been through the  
hands of a whipping master, and out of  
its pains, now waiting for its little brother  
on the right, which has a red knuckle,  
but otherwise shows no inflammation.  
—"Gath" in Boston Globe.

The first time the halls of congress at  
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debt."

"Who gave this cross to her?"

Millicent and Lady Valworth were  
The man to whom she is engaged,  
Paul Annerley she called him. The man  
she is going to marry."  
"You present him to me in the light of  
either a dupe or a swindler."  
"A dupe, most probably. He may,  
however, have used us in the discovery  
of the missing stones."

"It will distress Nadine very much to  
have her lover accused of being an out-  
sider in this affair."  
"I do not see that," says Massarene,  
quickly, who is as honest as he is full of  
love. "If he can lead just as good ends,  
why should he not be used? Miss Roche,  
I am sure, would be the very last to pre-  
vent that; and so, when you come to think  
of it—looking at Millicent—"would  
you."

"Well—perhaps. But Nadine must not  
be teased now. Not to-night. To-mor-  
row night perhaps, when the ball is over  
—but not before."  
"As you will," says Lady Valworth,  
with a sigh.

She would have liked to speak with  
Nadine at once. "Is it a conspiracy?"  
asks Duran, coming up at this moment  
and touching Lady Valworth lightly on  
the arm. "You all look so solemn—even  
Miss Grey, who, as a rule, is gay as a  
spinning top."

"No. Here. In this very room, worn  
by one of her guests."  
"Impossible!" Something in her tone  
removes the smile from Duran's lips. He  
turns to Lady Valworth. "A guest?" he  
says.

"Millicent is indiscreet," hesitates Lady  
Valworth, casting a reproachful glance at  
her niece.  
"Not that; only a little angry," returns  
Millicent, with a rather tremulous smile.  
"And why should what you have told us  
be hidden? Why, after all, are we to  
whisper of it in corners? We almost con-  
sider her in so doing."

"Condemn! Who?" exclaims Duran  
sharply.  
"Instinct, love, what you will, has led  
him to a knowledge of the truth."  
"Nadine," replies Lady Valworth in a  
low tone, her eyes lowered.

"Where?" exclaims Millicent, who checks  
himself abruptly by an effort that renders his  
face as white and cold as marble. "You  
can scarcely allude to Miss Roche when  
speaking of this matter," he goes on, with  
a labored attempt to appear calm.

"Nadine," he says. "But it is all a mis-  
take," says Millicent. "Lady Valworth  
has seen a diamond cross around her  
neck. But one cross of that sort is so like  
another! For my part I feel sure it is a  
mere coincidence." "It is a point on  
which no doubt should be allowed to rest  
undisturbed," declares Duran, his  
brow darkening. He looks at Lady  
Valworth. "Miss Roche is at the other end of  
the room. Will you permit me to bring her  
closer examination of this cross? You,  
too, Miss Grey. You know the cross in  
question."

"I have seen it—yes," says  
Millicent, slowly. "If you think, Miss  
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despair."

to floor—regarding with anxious gaze

the lovely form that gazes back at her.  
Once more she would be beautiful!  
Once more she would be pleasant to his  
eyes. His! In comparison with whom all  
the world is poor.  
Tonight her gown is blue. A pale elec-  
tric blue, that throws into purer promi-  
nence the startling fairness of her neck and  
arms. Her hair is pinned up, and she has  
her dress here, and moving a flower  
there, debating all the while what orna-  
ment shall save the honor of lying on  
her pretty bosom.

Some vague sense of evil had warned  
her against the cross. No, she would not  
wear that! It is the diamond cross! Lady  
Valworth, had whispered her face and  
made her kind lips stern; some old mem-  
ory, and and angry, had been brought to  
mind by it. Not only that first time when  
she had given way to an exclamation,  
but again that second time when he—  
Maurice—Mr. Duran—had led her up to  
where—she stood, Lady Valworth had  
seemed pained, and cold, unable to give  
her the kindly smile that, up to the  
wearing of that luckless cross, had ever  
greeted her. No; certainly she will not  
wear it—she will not!

There is the sapphire pendant. That  
lovely, sparkling thing that Paul, too,  
had given her, and that as yet has never  
graced her neck. True, he had warned  
her not to wear either it or the cross in  
company. He had got them through his  
business in some strange way he had  
failed to explain. They were valuable;  
too valuable to be worn publicly as yet,  
until he had made his fortune and hers.  
Too valuable to be worn at Mrs. Brand's,  
for example. He had, indeed, made  
her give her promise not to wear them at  
Mrs. Brand's, and she had faithfully kept  
that promise.

But there! It's had not surely calcu-  
lated on the fact that she would ever be  
here—in such a house as this. If he had  
known, he would have been the first to  
tell her to make herself look as char-  
ming as was possible to her. He—could  
have had her no more behind the rest.  
The very fact that she does not love him  
has made her the more particular in the  
matter of obeying him, and now a little  
pang shoots across her heart as she wan-  
ders, but he had said, "See, I have seen it  
desires when she hung that diamond  
cross last night around her neck. Cer-  
tainly it had brought her no delight—  
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